

## Not a Bad Thing by Fan4life

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**Summary:**

Jonathan just got off work and the last thing he wants is to find Steve Harrington hanging out waiting for him so they can have a "talk". Could this night get any longer?

# Not a Bad Thing

## Author's Note:

i jacked the title from Justin Timberlakes "Not a Bad Thing" song. oof i hope i did it justice! This was completely unbeta'd so all mistakes are my own!

“Took you long enough! I’ve been waiting out here forever!” Harrington called from his perch on top of the hood his car. He was parked a couple spaces away in the deserted theater parking lot from Jonathan and if it wasn’t so late at night and if Jonathan wasn’t so exhausted he would have looked around to see who the other boy was talking to but in all honesty all he wanted was to go home and get the most sleep possible.

Harrington hadn’t said a word to him since he had apologized for The Incident with his camera and he seriously doubted he would want to listen to anything the other boy had to say anyway. It’s not like he had a crush on him or something. For real, its not like watching him take the bat Jonathan had made and completely destroying the Demogorgan had really kicked up a whole sexuality crisis for him after everything had calmed down and they had gotten Will back.

At least, that’s what he is still trying to convince himself of. It has been six months since that fucking *terrible* night and he’s still trying to come to terms with his mixed feelings and emotions about the other boy. On the one hand, Steve destroying his camera and thus publicly humiliating him in front of the entire school in the middle of the parking lot had been one of the worst moments in his life. On the other hand, he had seemed super apologetic about it and had even made it up by getting him an amazing new camera, that in complete honesty took way better pictures than his old one ever had.; not that he was ever going to tell Steve that. He didn’t want Steve to feel like destroying his things was in anyway alright. Not that he really thought he would, based on how it seemed like Steve wasn’t really hanging out with Tommy and Carol or any of the school’s “elite”

anymore.

Which was why he was so shocked when Steve's voice rang out again across the parking lot. "Byers! Hey BYERS! Are you hard of hearing or something? I want to talk to you!"

Snapping out of his head, Jonathan looked up from where he was unlocking his car door, to see Steve making his way off of the hood of his car and over to him, his hands shoved in his pockets and his fluffy hair bouncing as he approached. He almost looked like he was glowing, the way he just seemed to radiate light as he approached, his white t-shirt and dark jeans doing nothing but showing off his best assets. Or maybe that was just Jonathans exhausted eyes playing tricks on him. It was probably just the moon and street lights causing a weird glare or something. Yeah, that sounded right. It very much wasn't his sudden and intense feelings for the older boy.

"I hear just fine, Harrington. What's your deal? Don't you have somewhere better to be?" Jonathan asked, leaning against the side of his car arms.

"Actually, Jonny boy this is where I'm supposed to be. You see I've been doing a lot of long, hard, thinking recently, and I have just found the answer to my conundrum." Steve replied, coming to a stop in front of Jonathan. He seemed almost nervous up close. Jonathan could see where his hands seemed to be twisting up in his pockets, eyes darting around as if he was looking to see if they were being watched.

"Okay? What does that have to do with me?" Jonathan was really hoping Harrington would get to it sometime soon, it was already well past eleven o'clock and he was ready to be gone already. The response seemed to only make Steve more anxious.

Taking a step closer, almost impossibly closer Steve lent in close to Jonathans face. "Well, you see-its-uh, okay it would be way easier to just like show you. Do you mind?" he asked not even giving him a chance to answer before leaning in the rest of the way and placing his lips softly on Jonathans. Without missing a beat, Jonathan pressed up into the kiss, snaking his arms around the taller boys'

neck. A moment later, they split apart foreheads leaning against each other and looking into each other's eyes.

"Oh." Jonathan was shocked, he had never thought in a million years his maybe not so nonexistent crush was actually reciprocated.

"Yeah. So, I'm guessing the feelings mutual?" Steve chuckled, a nervous smile gracing his lips. Lips Jonathan had just been *kissing*. Jonathan had been kissing those lips. Oh my god, he had kissed King Of the School Steve Harrington, who apparently had feelings for *him* dirt poor, nerdy, ugly, creepy, antisocial, bottom of the school totem pole, Jonathan Byers. This had to be some kind of joke. There's no way this was real. It couldn't be.

Without warning, Jonathan pushed Steve hard in the chest making him back up several steps, a look of hurt flashing over his face. Jonathan crossed his arms in an attempt to hide his hands. God he was so stupid. How could he for a second even think someone like Steve would be interested in someone like him. He probably hadn't changed at all, Tommy and Carol were probably hiding behind Harrington's car right now getting a laugh out of all of this.

"You are so funny Harrington. Really, was trashing my camera not a good enough laugh? Now your trying to, what? Humiliate me some more, was the first time not good enough for you? What do you really want?" Jonathan spit out, standing up straight. He was so tired, and for Steve to pull this shit right now, when he was starting to actually believe he was actually a good person. It hurt way more than Jonathan could really admit.

"What?! No! Jonathan, I'm serious, I- I like you! A lot. Like, kissing you in public even though I know if my dad found out I'd be *dead* serious. This isn't a joke. I swear!" Steve cried, panic making his voice hitch a bit as he rushed to get all the words out. "I swear Byers, this isn't something I joke about. Not with you. Not after everything."

"You're serious?" Jonathan was floored, he wanted to stay cautious and keep Steve as far away as possible but he had a hard time putting on an act when he could see clearly right in front of him how earnest the other boy was being.

“As serious as a heart attack Jonathan. All I want from you, is to see you tomorrow, and maybe every tomorrow you’re willing to let me borrow your heart. I really care about you Byers, please tell me I haven’t read this all wrong.” Steve stepped closer again more hesitantly than the first time, looking for all the world like a kicked puppy who couldn’t resist returning to its owner.

“You haven’t,” Jonathan cleared his throat, blushing at his now seemingly rather dramatic overreaction. “Read this wrong I mean. I- I like you too and I wouldn’t be too against letting you borrow my heart. As long as you treat it right.”

“I wouldn't dream of doing anything else.”

### **Author's Note:**

please leave a comment/kudos! Like i said, this is completely unbeta'd so all mistakes are my own!  
please feel free to leave constructive criticism!